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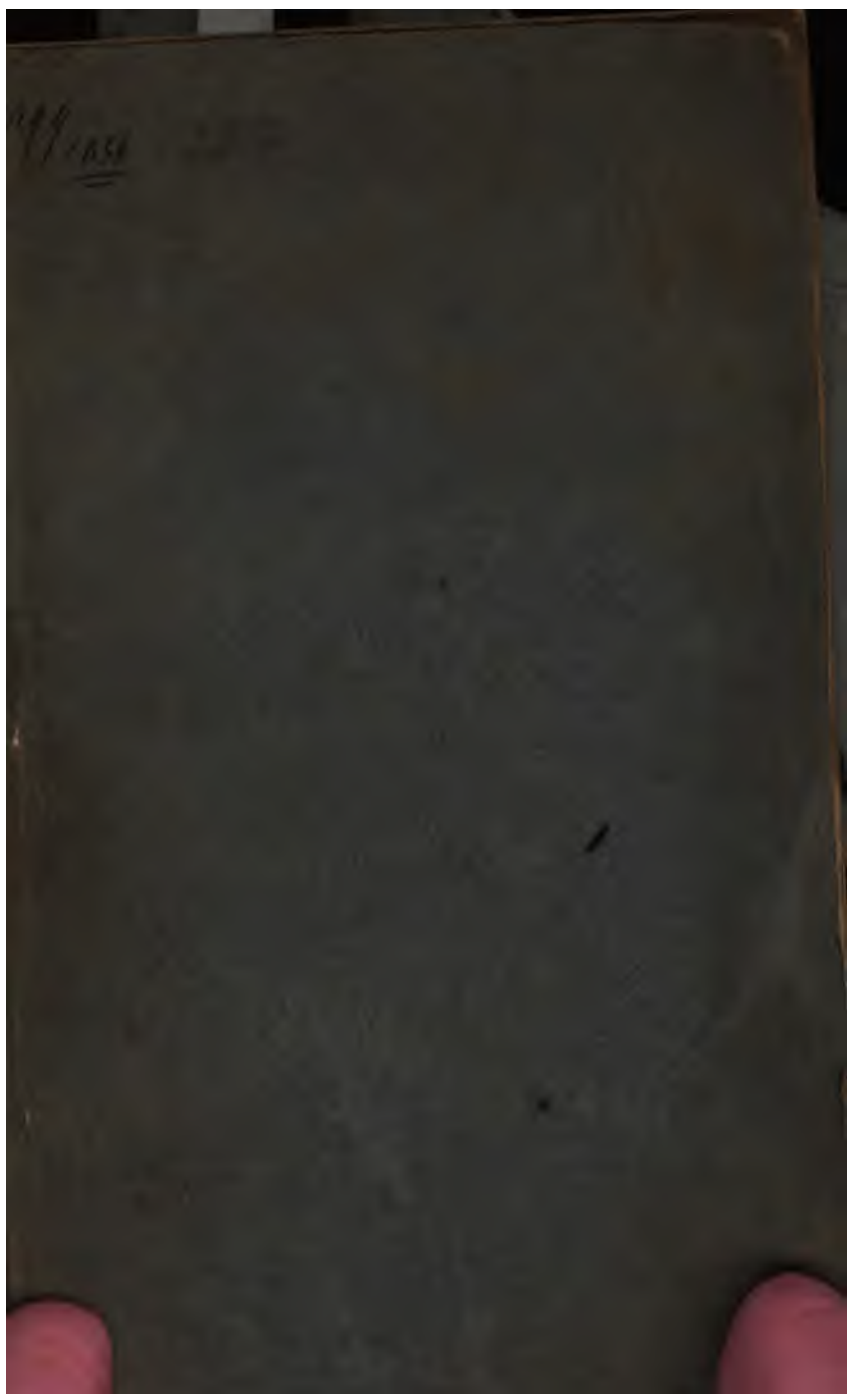
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THE
INCARNATION

AND

OTHER POEMS.

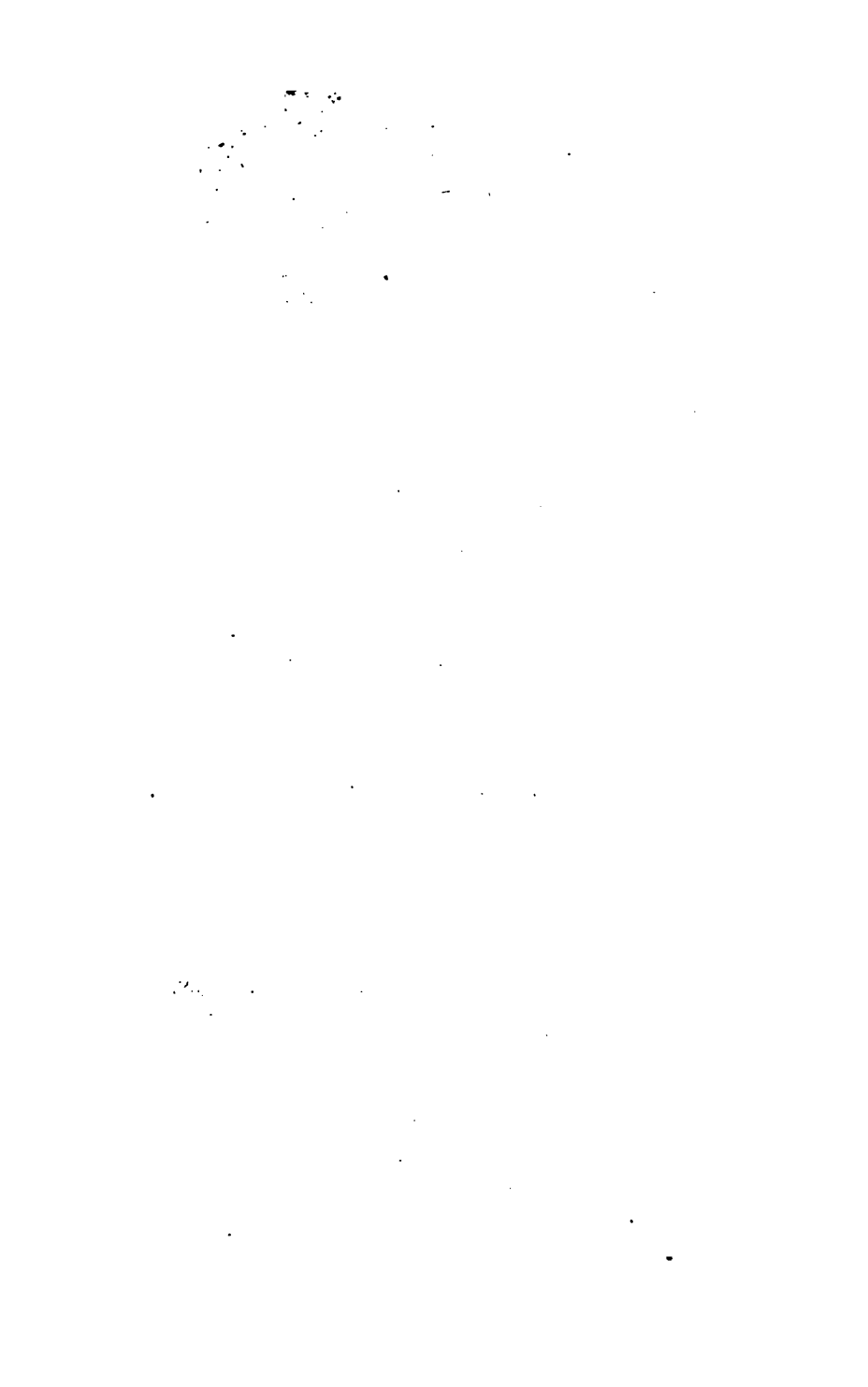
BY THOMAS RAGG.

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222.



PREFACE.

THIS little poem on "The Incarnation," though in itself perfectly entire, is but in reality the tenth book of a poem in twelve books on "The Deity," which the author had written as the testimony of a converted infidel, against the abounding infidelity of the age, in all its specious and alluring forms. The publication of that work, a task far beyond his present means to accomplish, (his situation in life being that of a working mechanic) was the ultimate object he had in view in presenting this trifle to the world; and from the unexpected approbation which the manuscript has met with, he is led confidently to hope that that object will ere long be attained.

October, 1833.

1

THE INCARNATION.

THE glorious morn is come! the seventy weeks
Of Daniel are accomplish'd.—Wake! awake,
Maidens of Solyma, awake the song
Of joys divine! wake the glad strain, which once
Isaiah sang, “To us a child is born;
To us a son is given; his name shall be
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, and the Prince
Of Peace:” on him the government shall rest:
Nor shall his blest dominion find its end,
Upon the throne of the Beloved One.
Immanuel!—Mountains break forth in songs!
Dance little hills! ye fruitful groves rejoice!
And let the valleys laugh. Immanuel!
Sing, deserts sing! waste places of the earth
Burst into rapturous strains. Immanuel!
Archangels sound his praises: join their lays
Th’ immortal choirs who sing to Gabriel’s lyre.
Heaven bursts with wonder at the sight; let earth
The admiration join, and every rank
In all creation gaze with new surprise,
As man exulting cries, “See God with us!”

But who believeth the report ? to whom
 Is the Lord's mighty arm revealed ? He hath
 Grown up before him as a tender plant,
 And as a root out of a barren ground :
 There is no form or comeliness in him :
 Nor hath he beauty in him, that when seen
 We should desire him ; for his face is marr'd
 Above the sons of men. He is despised ;
 And meets rejection ; one of many woes ;
 Well known to grief ; and, as it were, we hid
 Our faces from him. He was much despised,
 And we esteemed him not. Surely he hath
 Our sorrows borne, and carried all our grief ;
 Yet we esteemed him smitten of his God,
 Stricken, afflicted. But his wounds were made
 For our transgressions : he was deeply bruised
 For our iniquities ; the chastisement
 Of our peace was on him ; and by his stripes
 We're healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray ;
 Each, wandering from the fold, has wildly turned
 To his own path ; and God hath laid on him
 The iniquity of all. He was oppressed
 And sore afflicted : yet he opened not
 His mouth, nor at his sufferings repined.
 He, as a lamb, was to the slaughter led ;
 And like a sheep before her shearers dumb ;
 He openeth not his mouth. He was led forth
 From prison and from judgment ; and what tongue
 Shall tell his generation ? rest of life
 'To purchase life for us !

Incarnate God !

Wonder, oh heavens ! and be astonish'd earth !
 Yet wherefore marvel ? 'twas for this high end

He made you ; 'twas but to reveal himself,
 (Him Wisdom, Power, and Goodness Infinite,)

He laid his Godhead glory by, and took
 The Christhood up ; it *was* that he might shew
 The glory of the Godhead forth ;—might form
 A finite universe, to manifest
 The great perfections of the Deity,
 Moral and natural ; redeem from death
 A church to shew his praise ; and thus himself
 Unite the bounded to the infinite,
 And stand for ever a connecting link
 'Twixt God and nature. Ocean of deep thought !
 From which so many million souls have quaff'd,
 And left thee full ! Ocean of thought ! whose springs
 Supply th' innumerable streams of intellect
 That wander through the universal whole ;
 Here might'st thou pour thy very fulness forth,
 And find thyself exhausted. Godhead veiled
 In Christhood, Christhood in mortality,
 To work out man's redemption ! the big theme
 Demands an angel's harp, but oh ! what harp
 Of angel can awake the lofty strain ?
 None, none. 'Tis man's to sing the love of God ;
 To sing the wonders of *redeeming* love ;
 To sing the virtue of the blood of Christ ;
 And in the hymn before the Eternal Throne,
 When angels pause at " Worthy is the lamb,"
 Subjoin the sweetest notes, " Who died for us ? "

A smiling babe in Bethlehem's manger laid,
 To show how low he'll stoop to snatch his bride,
 His favoured bride, the church elect, from hell,
 Behold the Christ, the Uncreated Word,
 Now Jesus for his great salvation styled ;
 Yes, he who fills immensity—he who

Is with eternity coeval; he,
 The Father of duration, he is born !
 Anomaly of all anomalies !
 Of woman born ; and helpless on her breast
 Hanging, declares how deep the fall of man,
 Who from perfection into helplessness,
 Fell by one act of folly. He who brought
 Creation into being ; he who gave
 Suns light, seas bound, planets projectile force
 And gravitation, and with mighty hand
 Hurl'd the swift comet in its orbit ; he [spreads
 Whose smile is heaven, whose frown thick darkness
 Around ; the flashing of whose eyes in wrath
 Enkindles hell ; he sucks a virgin's breast !
 Draws nutriment from one to whom he gave
 Life, and from whom he drew his life in turn ;
 His helpless fingers tangles in her hair,
 And back reflects the fondness of her smiles ;
 O deep descent of love ! of love divine !
 He laid not hold of angels when they fell :
 But twined round manhood his almighty arms ;
 Hence bore it perfect to the heaven of heavens ;
 And fixed it on the throne.

Incarnate God !

Oh mystery of mysteries ! what tongue
 Shall tell thy wonders ? who can tell th' extent
 Of love divine, that brought the Eternal down,
 To creature bounds, to bleed and die for man ?
 Who tell th' extent of love in him whose name
 Is Love ? Unceasing, everlasting songs,
 Shall raise their voice mellifluent, and harps,
 Immortal harps, shall wake the high response
 In vain. The Deity in Christ, and Christ
 Barr'd in the dungeon of mortality,

Shall furnish still for song height above height,
Depth beneath depth, expanse beyond expanse.

The setting sun behind Judea's hills
Hid his fair face; and veiled his golden beams
With crimson clouds, as blushing, that a light
Without his aid would soon shine brightly there,
Passing his own rich lustre; and yet seemed
Slowly to move, as though he longed to stay,
And view that sight, most marvellous of all
Duration's lengthful records can unfold,
A Deity's nativity; and wept
Electric fluid on the heaving breast
Of Atalantis, as it rose to greet
His near approach, that this their meeting hour
Was come ere young Messiah's birth.

'Twas night;

Jordan was rolling his black waves along,
And pouring forth a vesper hymn of praise;
And darkness o'er the towers of Bethlehem
Hung like a mossy covering.—It was night;
The hopeful shepherds tended in the fields
Their fleecy charge; when sudden o'er the heaven
A blaze of radiance spread; not such a light
As flings itself athwart the northern sky,
When half year winter-night exulting sits
On his dark throne, and freezes with his frown
The very vitals of the earth and sea;
But such as shone between the cherubim
Ere Salem was forsaken of her God.
They stood affrighted; when before their eyes
The glorious angel of the Lord appeared,
And thus exclaimed, "Fear not, I bring you news
Of lasting joy to all the tribes of earth,

For unto you in David's city now
 Is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord ;
 And in a manger wrapt in swaddling clothes,
 The young Redeemer rests." He ceased ; and now,
 Quick as the marshalling of night's bright host—
 Succeeds the appearance of the evening star.
 A countless multitude of shining ones
 Stood round about him ; and attuned their harps
 To raise an anthem in Jehovah's praise.
 " Glory to God " rung through the upper heaven ;
 " Glory to God," the middle skies replied ;
 " Glory to God," the earth responded loud ;
 And thunder'd like an organ's deepest notes,
 The swelling bass of the extatic song,
 " Peace and good will towards man."

The vision past ;

To Bethlehem hied the rustic train to greet
 The virgin's son, where eastern priests appeared
 With gifts and homage (by a meteor led,)
 To hail the new-born King. But what a throne,
 And what a palace ! wonder, oh my soul,
 Now lose thyself in wonder !—Ah ! is this
 The best reception that a God in flesh
 Can find from man he comes to save ? Is this
 The gorgeous cradle of th' Eternal One,
 Before whom angels bow ? A manger, where
 The oxen feed ! Oh love divine ! he stoops
 To vanquish ; 'tis the chariot in which
 HE first to battle flies, who on a cross
 Shall raise the shout of victory.

Awake

Jerusalem ! bown down ye temple towers !
 Bow Calvary ! Moria, Zion bow,

Before the Lord of hosts ! Behold your God
 Borne by his mother to redeem his life
 With spotless doves ; the very life he took,
 T' redeem his people from their sins, and bring
 Peace to unhappy rebels.—But they know
 Him not, beneath the deep disguise he wears,
 So thick the veil that wraps his glory round ;
 And unattended is the King of kings
 Carried to his own temple, that the law
 In all its rites may be fulfill'd. But not
 To all is he unknown, supreme delight
 Thrills through old Anna's breast ; and Simeon's arms
 Twine round the infant with extatic joy,
 And thus he cries : “ I bless thee, oh my God :
 Now lettest thou thy servant die in peace,
 For thy salvation have mine eyes beheld.”
 And, like imprison'd air when rarified,
 His soul expanded by too large a joy,
 Burst the weak frame of frail mortality,
 And mounted to its God.

But hark ! what groans
 Salute my ear ? what piercing shrieks are those
 Of horror and despair ? whence comes that voice
 Of wailing ? 'Tis from Bethlehem ; hell urged,
 The sov'reign of Judea seeks to slake
 His flaming wrath at young Messiah's birth,
 In infant blood ; and all the city mourns.
 How vainly man, how vainly Satan, strives
 T' reverse God's fix'd decrees, and bring to nought
 The counsels of eternity. By heaven
 Warn'd in a dream, his foster father bore
 The young Immanuel from tyrannic rage,
 To Egypt, where he rested till the death

Of Herod ; then returned to Galilee,
 And dwelt at Nazareth. The child grew up
 In stature and in favour, giving signs
 Of early wisdom, when at twelve years old
 Disputing with the doctors of the law ;
 And through his youth strong indications shewed
 Of being more than human. As a son
 Of man, he all the offices performed
 Devolving on man's children :—as a God,
 Emptied* himself, and for our sakes became
 Of no repute :—as a Redeemer, kept
 The law that man had broken, doing all
 He did unto God's glory :—and as Christ,
 The head and heir of nature, now but as
 In his minority, and serving like
 A Jacob for his bride, kept his firm eye
 Fix'd on his crown, and with unwavering faith
 Look'd to th' Eternal Father to fulfil
 The promises.

Time roll'd along ; the voice
 Of one cried in the wilderness, " Repent,
 Heaven's kingdom is at hand ; prepare the way,
 Through deserts make a highway for our God."
 The hour predestinated came ; and down
 To Jordan hastened the Incarnate Word,
 At John the Baptist's hands t' receive the seal

* This passage has caused some disputes among theologians. Our translators (perhaps to avoid those disputes) have rendered it "humbled himself;" but I have chosen "emptied himself," because it is the literal meaning of the Greek word *ekenose* ; since, though man may mistake the meaning of the phrase, and build erroneous systems upon it, the literal word of God must be right.

Of the new covenant; symbolical
 Of what he purchased for his chosen race—
 A heart renewed—a resurrection life.
 “ Thus it becomes us” he exclaimed, “ to do
 All righteousness,” and waters of the stream
 Of judgment* wash’d his flesh; while from on high
 The Holy Ghost, in likeness of a dove,
 Descended on him; and a wondrous voice
 That rent the firmament, proclaimed him loud—
 The Son beloved of the living God.

Full of the Spirit, to a desert’s gloom
 The Saviour sped, to battle with the foe,
 And gain for man the vict’ry. Forty days
 And forty nights he braved the fierce assaults
 Of hell; and proved himself immaculate;
 From the stern mountain’s lofty height, and from
 The temple’s pinnacle look’d down with scorn
 On the false glitter of a falser world,
 Then proffer’d him, which, in the balance weigh’d
 With man’s redemption, and his coming crown,
 Seemed lighter than the breath of vanity:
 And spent with famine and oppress’d with care,
 Still from his presence he the traitor spurned,
 And more than conquerer walked through all his
 snares.

His ministry begun, in divers ways,
 He proved himself the woman’s promised seed,
 The King that was to come, creation’s Lord.
 Water, as “ blushing to behold its God,”
 Turned into wine; by him vast multitudes
 Were fed by miracle; at his command

* The meaning of the word Jordan, is death or judgment.

The leper, white as snow, was cleansed,—the blind
 Opened their eyes to see the light of day,—
 The stammerer's tongue was loosed,—the dumb
 declared

Their great Redeemer's praise,—the impotent
 Restored, felt youthful vigour,—and the lame
 Leaped light and joyous as the bounding hart.
 He spake—the lurking fever dried no more
 The grateful lips, nor at its cistern boiled
 The vital flood,—pale sickness rose in health,—
 Diseases fled before him,—and the poor
 Demoniac released, came forth with joy
 To praise and bless his Saviour's mighty name.
 The conscious sea upbore him as he moved
 Upon its surface, and th' adoring waves
 Kiss'd their Creator's feet with rapturous joy.
 The elements, that in the tempest's hour
 Commingling, breathed discordant jarring sounds,
 At his rebuke in placid calmness sunk,
 As though they had but raged in hope to hear
 The music of his voice. And death itself,
 When he demanded, yielded up his prey,
 And licked his disappointed jaws in vain.
 These, these are facts attested well, whose truth
 Declares the power of Deity, as plain
 As that dread voice which from the opening heaven
 Loud thunder'd, " This is my beloved Son,
 Hear him."

Nor should his golden precepts pass
 Unheeded. Hear him mortals! from his lips
 Wisdom itself, dissolved in words of love,
 Continually flowed. Hear him educe
 The spirit from the letter of the law,

And charge sin home upon the will depraved.
 Hear him declare that all are fall'n, and must
 Be born again to gain eternal life;
 Born of the Spirit and of water; born
 Children of God, with hearts of purity,
 Whose vital breath his love. Hear him declare
 His mission from the Father's bosom was
 To seek and save the lost; and none who feel
 Their need of him, and helpless come for aid,
 Shall ever be cast out. Hear him declare
 Himself the way, the truth, the life; the way
 In which alone true holiness is found;
 The only way acceptable in which
 A sinner can approach the Holy One.
 The TRUTH, in whom God's image may be seen
 Perfect; upon whose heart the moral law
 Is graven; and to whom all rituals point.
 The LIFE of nature, and the double life
 Of his poor fallen bride. Hear him declare,
 That he who hath the Son of God hath life;
 Who hath him not, hath not life; but the wrath
 Of God upon him rests. Hear him declare
 That they who wish his kingdom to obtain,
 Must do his Father's will, whose high commands
 Are to believe on him whom he hath sent,
 And love his followers. Hear him declare,
 That who abideth in him as a branch
 Abideth in the vine, shall bring forth fruit
 Abundantly; and though themselves but weak,
 Do all things in his strength. Hear him declare,
 He pays his life a ransom for his sheep,
 Whose life with all its joys springs from his death,
 And none shall pluck them from his hand. Hear him

Denounce heaven's judgment on Jerusalem,
 And yet with tears denounce it, as in thought
 He sees the Romans making desolate
 Those cities, once so favour'd of the Lord.
 Then hear him say, "The foxes have their holes,
 And birds of air their nests, but I have not
 A place to rest my head on."

Woe, deep woe,

Was his continual lot, and his chief food,
 The bread of tears. For though across his soul
 At times would dart a feeble glimpse of joy,
 Like transient sunbeams o'er a clouded heaven,
 As when with exultation he beheld
 Satan, like lightning, falling from the skies,
 He was a man of sorrows, while on earth
 He wander'd, though to earth belonging not.
 A self-devoted pilgrim, doing good,
 And glorifying God; his wondrous works
 Declared his errand; yet he scarcely met
 With aught but malice and ingratitude
 From those he came to save. Still he pursued
 His path without repining; and endured
 As seeing him who is invisible;
 Whom he had seen, from whom he came, and knew
 His love so boundless, shoreless, bottomless,
 Would hold him to the last, and through the grave
 Bring him forth more than conqueror. Thus he lived,
 A dying life of living faith; and set
 Us the example by his grace to die
 Daily, and offer up ourselves to him,
 As he for our sakes offered up himself
 A sacrifice to God.

The world was lost ;

The sheep were wand'ring from the fold ; the foe
 Was prowling round, and no protector near,
 When, swift descending on sweet mercy's wings,
 He girt upon his loins his shepherd's coat,
 And gat him to the mountains ; through the heat
 Of summer days, and through the bitter cold
 Of wintry nights, unflinchingly he toiled,
 To keep them safe from all approaching arm ;
 Then cast himself into the monster's jaws,
 To tear *his* vitals out, and save the flock
 He loved with love in strength surpassing death.

The time of the Redeemer's sojourn here,
 To bear the sorrows of poor fallen man,
 Fulfil and magnify the moral law,
 Spread round salvation's news, and prove himself,
 By mighty signs and wonders, HIM whom God
 Had promised to the patriarchs of old,
 At length drew tow'rds its close. The hungry grave,
 Deprived of much provision while he stayed,
 More hungry growing, opened wide her jaws
 To swallow him ; and looked with longing eyes
 Upon her destined prey, the gorging which
 Should prove her own destruction ; on the mount,
 The chosen three the symbol had beheld
 Of his yet coming glory ; and the twelve
 Were looking for his triumph on the earth ;
 While he prepared him for a deeper scene—
 His triumph in earth's bowels.

'Twas the feast
 Of passover ; when to the sorrowing hearts
 Of his disciples, Christ made known the things
 Then quickly coming ; opened up to them
 The secrets of the Deity ; and gave

The dear, the precious emblems of his death—
 His broken body, and his pour'd out blood ;
 Ordaining them till he again should come
 In glory, with the myriads of his saints,
 As the memorials of his dying love.

It was a solemn evening ; with what love,
 And with what fervour, did he then address,
 And pray for them ; his mind appear'd as touch'd
 With somewhat of death's sadness ; but it was
 The grief of joy ; the bitter of that cup,
 To drink of which he left the seats of bliss,
 And for the joy before him set, endured
 The cross—despised the shame—and now sits down
 At the right hand of Majesty on high.
 It was a solemn evening ; but the night
 More solemn ! “ doleful, dark Gethsemane,”
 Thou “ olive press ” of God ! what tongue can tell,
 What fancy paint, what thou didst then behold,
 When in an agony of soul he prayed ;
 While bloody sweats pour'd down his stricken frame,
 And death enclasped him to his frozen breast,
 And at his heart the sin of millions lay,
 And all the horrors of a hell within,
 Shook his fair frame convulsive ? But what groans . .
 What cries are those ? what sorrows rend the breast
 Of God* so deeply, that he fain would thrust
 The poison cup away ? Speak, ye who dwell
 Before his blissful throne, and joyful raise

* In this, as well as other expressions, where I have used the name of Deity, for the force it carries, I do not mean to imply that Deity suffered, but that the breast of Jesus was by hypostatical union the breast of God.

Your hallelujahs to the Lamb! and ye
 Who here attempt to join the sacred strain,
 Whose hope is in his death, whose hearts are
 cleansed

By his shed blood. "*Oh he was wounded deep
 For our transgressions; he was bruised for us;
 The chastisement of our eternal peace
 Was laid on him, and by his stripes we're healed.*"

Slumber ye, faithless guards? then slumber on!
 His hour is come; the traitor band draws near;
 And with a kiss Messiah is betrayed:
 The lamb is cast among the wolves: the kid
 Is in the eagle's nest; and who shall save?
 Ah who? He others saved; but cannot save
 Himself: his life is forfeited for them.
 And bearded, mock'd, and scourged, and spit upon,
 Behold Almighty God! Where now are they,
 To whom he late address'd such parting words
 Of tenderness? Why, Peter, dost thou keep
 At such a distance? where's the courage fled
 With which thou late declared'st thou'dst go with
 him,

To prison and to death? And dost thou too,
 With oaths, deny him? Hark, the crowing cock!
 Behold that look! oh glory! it has broke
 The chain of hell; he weeps! in anguish weeps!

But what new scene of wonder meets my view?
 Is this a hall of judgment? Can it be?
 Is it indeed Messiah, that now stands
 Arraigned before a Roman prætor's bar?
 A purple robe—a reed—a crown of thorns—
 Are these the insignia of the King of kings?
 Are these fit garments for the Prince of Peace,

Who came to save a ruin'd world from death?
 Prophet of God! what say'st thou! let me read:—
*"He like a lamb was to the slaughter led;
 And as a sheep, before her shearers dumb,
 He openeth not his mouth; he was led forth
 From prison and from judgment."*—Hark those
 shouts:—

"Away with him, away with him!"—"We own
 No King but Cæsar!"—"Be the cross his doom!"
 "Release to us, Barabbas!"—"Be the cross,
 The cross his doom!"—"His blood be upon us,
 And on our children!"

See, 'tis he! condemned;
 He climbs the rugged brow of Calvary,
 With heavy, weary steps; he's stretched upon
 The cross! Hark! hark! those strokes; they nail
 him there;

And hangs the Saviour with extended arms—
 Emblem of love's right willingness t' receive
 With open arms the trembling penitent,
 Who feels undone, and flies for refuge there.
 Now, triumph hell! unkennel all thy swarm,
 King of the deep! to beard the Mighty One,
 Thus impotent. The astonish'd heavens grow black;
 The sun has weeping turned his face away;
 Deep horror seizes the angelic hosts;
 And e'en the Uncreated Father hides;
 Man only is unmoved, or joins the fiends
 In mocking his Redeemer and his Lord.
 Hark! hark again! what sound is that I hear?
 'Tis the pierced Lamb, in agony intense,
 While horror of thick darkness makes his soul
 A chaos, crying loud, "My God! my God!"

Why, why hast thou forsaken me?" 'Tis he!
 It is Messiah! Patiently he bears
 The insults of the railing crowd; pours forth,
 While yet 'tis reeking, his atoning blood.
 Into that dying culprit's broken heart,
 Who hangs beside him; and in such a voice
 As shakes the adamantine rocks of hell,
 Shouting, " 'TIS FINISHED " lets his spirit go.*

Amazing scene! well might the sun, abash'd,
 Veil his bright face in darkness! well might earth
 Shake to her centre! well the reading rocks
 Speak out their wonder! and convulsions tear
 The universal frame! oh love divine!
 Oh miracle of love! oh love of God!
 How vast! how wondrous! passing human thought!
 Scoffer, away to Calvary! Sceptic,
 Away to Calvary! there behold a sight
 Surpassing all beside, t' reveal to man
 The Deity's chief attributes; there see
 WISDOM unbounded, manifested, fair,
 In the redemption of a ruin'd world;
 Wisdom that counted up the cost—that sealed
 The bill before creation, and now pays
 The full price down from the Eternal's veins.
 See MERCY, robed in crimson, smiling sweet,
 That now heaven's gates are ope'd to her; and she
 Can unobstructed to the human race,
 Descend with welcome messages of peace;
 While JUSTICE shines more radiantly than where.

* I have chosen this mode of expression rather than any other, though some may term it poverty of language, on account of its nearness to the original,—“And let go his spirit.”

Its name is character'd in living flame,
 In the dread realms of everlasting woe ;
 While HONOUR lifts unstain'd its lofty head ;
 While PURITY beholds the law fulfill'd
 By the fond bridegroom, for the hapless bride ;
 And TRUTH sees there the dreadful curse endured,
 Pronounced in Eden, " Dying, thou shalt die ; "
 And see immense, immeasurable LOVE,
 The crowning attribute, the link of all,
 The cement that has thus united them,
 The life-blood of redemption, that flows on
 Through every vein of all the wondrous scheme,
 Shine through the death-wounds of Incarnate God.
 Scoffer, away to Calvary ! Sceptic,
 Away to Calvary ! there, there behold
 How RIGHTEOUSNESS has kiss'd the lips of peace ;
 And TRUTH and MERCY have in union met,
 Embracing in the Saviour's bleeding heart.
Marvel!—but marvel not in such degree,
 As to conceive the act impossible ;
 Ponder it, analyze it, weigh it well,
 And weigh again, consider all its points,
 With all thy skilfulness ; what doth it, save
 Exalt the moral o'er the physical,
 And shew the *moral being* of a God,
 Perfection, that for sin creation meets
 Inevitable death ; and to redeem
 From that dread curse, the Maker should assume
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 Duration's ceaseless ages still shall own
 Thy heights, thy depths, thy wonders, half untold;
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 Be raised to thy unfailing source and thee.

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 Whose resurrection is a pledge of yours,
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 spoiled

Princedom and powers, and made a shew of them
 Openly on his cross ! Hail him, hail him
 With loud hosannas, from the gaping tomb,
 And let the heaven with acclamations ring—
 The Christ, the Christ hath gained the victory !

But where are they who now should hail him?
 where

The chosen few, the favoured of mankind,
 Who witnessed all the triumphs of his life,
 And to whose sorrowing hearts, some few nights past
 His lips declared, “ A little while, and ye
 Shall see me not ; and yet a little while,
 And ye shall see me : and behold I go
 Before you into Galilee ? ” Their hopes
 Were blasted ; and their unbelieving hearts,
 Although the Scriptures were fulfill’d,—although
 The things he told them of had come to pass,
 Now gave up all for lost.—Yet, list ! a hum
 Of whispering’s on the gale ; and lip from lip
 Catches the sound, “ The Lord is ris’n indeed,
 And hath appear’d to Peter ; ” and to those
 Who journeying to Emmaus, felt their hearts
 Burning within them, as he opened up
 The Scriptures by the way, although unknown
 Till manifest at length in breaking bread,
 They hail’d their risen Saviour. With what joy
 The glad disciples hear the welcome news !
 But oh ! how far, far greater is their joy,
 To see the Lord in their assembly come,
 And shew his hands, and feet, and wounded side.
 Jerus’lem grows uproarious ; the chief priests
 And elders, with a flat denial meet
 The hated testimony ; but in vain ;
 The Prince of Life, the Conqueror of Death,

Before assembled hundreds stands confess'd,
 To shew the truth of his messiahship;
 For forty days appears and re-appears,
 At sundry times; to his disciples gives
 His last directions, to proclaim the news
 Of his salvation to earth's utmost bounds;
 Then leads them forth to Bethany, and looks
 A kind farewell to their astonish'd hearts,
 As angels flock around him, to attend
 His glorious passage to his Father's throne.

He rises! through the subject elements,
 He rises up on high. Hosanna!—See,
 Ye gazing saints, the man of many griefs,
 The long despised, rejected Nazarene,
 Ascend. Hosanna!—Lift, lift up your heads,
 Ye everlasting gates, throw open wide
 Your pearly portals; lo! the King, the King,
 The King of Glory comes! God is gone up;
 Gone for his people to prepare a place,
 And will return t' receive them to himself,
 That where he is, they also may abide.
 He rises! through the subject elements,
 He rises up on high. Hosanna!—God
 Is gone up with a shout; Jehovah, with
 A trumpet's sound. Hosanna!—Death, thou'rt slain;
 Grave, thou hast met destruction; hell is fill'd
 With notes of wailing, and through all her vaults
 Echoes the cry, "The prisoner is released,—
 Our hopes are foil'd—the Christ, the Christ is gone."
 He rises! through the subject elements,
 He rises up on high. Hosanna!—Mounts
 The victor, in his radiant car of cloud,
 Triumphant.' Bursts the heaven with rapture now,

And on, in undulating thunders, rolls,
 The chorus of the glad angelic hosts,
 Who strike their harps to new immortal songs,
 And hail the ascending God, th' ascending man,
 'The bruiser of the dragon's head, the King
 Of kings, and Lord of lords, the Prince of Peace,
 The Monarch of creation, who had left
 His blissful throne, to fold in his embrace
 Unhappy rebels; vanquish death and hell;
 And bursting through the other side the grave,
 Open a way to let its captives free.
 'Through heaven the chorus flies; while echo sings
 Hosanna! hallelujah! and to earth
 In softer numbers is the strain returned
 Upon the light wings of a heavenly breeze
 Mellifluous, that with a kiss of peace
 Greets her dark heaving bosom, as it pours
 Upon her gales the melody it bore.
 He rises! through the subject elements,
 He rises up on high. Hosanna!—Man
 Is free! sin put away; and peace restored
 To a lost world! With all the spoils of war
 The conqueror in triumph moves along,
 By his glad hosts attended. To the heavens
 He bears the form of being he assumed;
 And in the presence of our Sire and his,
 The man Christ Jesus for his people pleads
 His life, his death, his perfect righteousness,
 And his atoning blood; there now to rest
 Until the times when all things are restored;
 Till all his enemies at length are made
 His footstool, and the day of vengeance dire,
 The glorious year of his redeemed is come.

PEACE.

THOU hast seen where the war-whoop once was heard,
Calling to banquet the mountain bird ;
Where bright was the flash of the chieftain's sword,
As horde rushed fierce on opposing horde ;
And the life-tide glutted the thirsty plain,
While the demon of slaughter laugh'd amain ;
The springing grass, and the painted flower,
And the waving corn, and the green-wood bower ;
And listen'd the small bird's vesper lay,
Instead of confusion's dreadful bray ;
And, as slowly the sun rode down the hill,
And the soft breeze awaken'd a softer thrill,
When thy musings have turned on days gone by,
And compared with the landscape beneath thine eye—
Thou hast felt the calm of thy soul increase,
And thought in thyself, "*Oh this is peace !*"

Thou hast seen afar on the blue lone sea,
Where the storm once raged in its majesty ;
And the thunder's roar, and the lightning's gleam,
And the wind's hoarse growl, and the gull's wild
scream,
Confusedly mingled their horrors dire,
As accompaniments to the surges' ire,
A calm spread over her bosom bright,
As it silently rose to the moon's pale light,
Like a virgin's breast 'neath her lover's eye,
When its warmth burts forth in a stifled sigh ;

Its name is character'd in living flame,
 In the dread realms of everlasting woe ;
 While HONOUR lifts unstain'd its lofty head ;
 While PUNISHMENT beholds the law fulfill'd
 By the fond bridegroom, for the hapless bride ;
 And TRUTH sees there the dreadful curse endured,
 Pronounced in Eden, " Dying, thou shalt die ; "
 And see immense, immeasurable LOVE,
 The crowning attribute, the link of all,
 The cement that has thus united them,
 The life-blood of redemption, that flows on
 Through every vein of all the wondrous scheme,
 Shine through the death-wounds of Incarnate God.
 Scoffer, away to Calvary ! Sceptic,
 Away to Calvary ! there, there behold
 How RIGHTEOUSNESS has kiss'd the lips of peace ;
 And TRUTH and MERCY have in union met,
 Embracing in the Saviour's bleeding heart.
Marvel!—but marvel not in such degree,
 As to conceive the act impossible ;
 Ponder it, analyze it, weigh it well,
 And weigh again, consider all its points,
 With all thy skilfulness ; what doth it, save
 Exalt the moral o'er the physical,
 And shew the *moral being* of a God,
 Perfection, that for sin creation meets
 Inevitable death ; and to redeem
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The hand he once 'gainst heaven could raise,
 Another sceptre holds ;
 His brows where new-born glories blaze,
 Another crown enfolds.
 Another robe's flung over him,
 More fair than was his own ;
 And with the fire-tongued seraphim,
 He dwells before the throne.

But whence could such a change proceed ?
 What power could raise him there ?
 So late by God's own voice decreed
 Transgression's curse to bear.
 Hark ! hark ! he tells—a harp well strung
 His grateful arms embrace ;
 Salvation is his deathless song,
 And grace, abounding grace ;
 And sounds through all the upper sky
 A strain with wonders rife,
 That life hath given itself to die,
 And bring death back to life.

ZION'S STRUGGLE.

'Twas stillness over Zion yet ;
 The bright beams of the setting sun
 Play'd with night's flowing locks of jet,
 And made the eve a lovely one.
 And twilight linger'd on the hill ;
 And in the west the glowing ball
 Seem'd fix'd, as he were wistful still
 To lengthen fancy's festival,
 And give a few short minutes more,
 Ere darkness brought the feast of gore.

The watchmen went their custom'd rounds ;
 But they were wrapt in dreams of ease,
 And mostly gave uncertain sounds ;
 Or sang the soothing song of peace,
 The war-cry of Idumea
 With which her hosts their death-knell rung,
 As to another Golgotha
 They blindly, madly rush'd along,
 Till, quick as pains of travail come,
 Destruction's besom swept them home.

Yet ! " peace," they cried ; though in the air
 Signs strange and marvellous appear'd ;
 Though Babel's blood-drunk harlot there,
 By Infidelity uprear'd,
 Sat with a cup of honey-dew,
 And smiles of liberality,

To tempt Jehovah's chosen few
 From the straight path of honesty,
 To taste her sweets, to drink their fill,
 And own her as their sister still.

Yes, "peace, transcendant peace," they cried,
 And sang the nation's lullaby;
 Though Christ was scorn'd and God deny'd,
 And Babylon and blasphemy
 Had shaken hands; though they who loathed
 The Lord, and to his followers gave
 The badge of priestcraft, stood betrothed
 To superstition's basest slave;
 And fire and water join'd their rage,
 With God's anointed to engage.

And there was peace; but oh, it seemed
 A moment's hushing of the storm,
 To burst more furious forth (as gleamed
 The lightning o'er the low-laid form
 Of ocean); it was like the soft
 Still calmness of the awful hour,
 More awful for its calm, which oft
 Brings forth the earthquake in its pow'r,
 That nature's rocky ribments shakes,
 And loveliness a ruin makes.

Such was her peace; and could none tell
 Of danger? Is the bride of God
 To fall as once Belshazzar fell?
 To tread the path Belshazzar trod?—
 There is a voice; the mountain caves
 Send forth a hollow murmuring sound

Portentous, and the foaming waves
 That dash upon the shores around
 Breathe an awakening roar, that falls
 Upon their ears who watch the walls.

They raise the cry ; *they* sound th' alarm ;
They tell th' approaching day of God ;
They bid the slumbering peoples arm ;
 While sets the sun engulfed in blood,
 And round the city gather fast
 Abaddon's legions in their pride,
 Hoping her walls in dust to cast,
 Yet gather but to be destroy'd,
 By HIM whose very nostrils' breath
 Will blast them in eternal death.

'Tis something more than night's thick dark
 That spreads across the firmament ;
 Or wherefore not one brilliant spark
 From some kind pitying star-gem sent ?
 The armies of the Thunderer
 Are gathering, are gathering ;
 And shortly from his battle-car
 Will he the dread electric fling :
 Yes, soon the nations of th' accurs'd
 Shall see Jehovah's wrath-cloud burst.

How can the sons of Zion bear
 Against their foes' o'erwhelming force ?
 What firm embankments can they rear
 To stop the torrent in its course ?
 But they've a guard will ne'er be spent ;
 It is the God of Sabaoth ;
 It is the Great Omnipotent,

Who treads the winepress of his wrath,
And bathes his bright sword, till it reeks
With crimson deep as morning's streaks.

Hark that confusion ! didst thou think,
Harlot, the sons of blasphemy
Would long time carry thee ? now drink
The poison cup of treachery !
Scorning a Potentate on high,
The scarlet beast thou rid'st upon
Will thee too hate, and thee destroy,
Oh, blood-cemented Babylon !
Till, like dog-worried Jezabel,
Thou fall'st before the hounds of hell.

Go gnash thy teeth, proud queen of lies ;
That when thou seemed'st to sit at rest
Thou didst but hatch a cockatrice,
Whose sting has pierc'd its parent's breast :
Go gnash thy teeth, thy day is nigh ;
As fell the millstone in the sea,
Swung from the Angel's hand on high,
So thou shalt sink in infamy ;
So terribly thou too shalt fall ;
And one dread ruin swallow all.

But roars the wrath of battle still ;
Messiah's arrows are not spent ;
The chief foe of his holy hill
Must now be rendered impotent.
The blood of Infidelity
At once from all its veins is poured ;
And all the living nations see
That Jesus is the CHRIST and LORD ;

And to his name triumphant raise
Loud anthems of unceasing praise.

Oh glorious season, speed thy way !
Groaning creation's fond desire '
Let tribulation's hours decay,
And joy spring from its phoenix fire !
Let halcyon peace the nations bless,
Peace long enduring, peace serene ;
And let celestial righteousness
Crown with beatitude the scene ;
While from the curse redeemed, earth sings
Live, live for ever, KING OF KINGS.

TO A SKYLARK,

THAT DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF ITS EFFORTS TO ESCAPE
FROM ITS CAGE.

Poor captive, that with early wing
Wast wont to greet the day's first dawning,
And in a strain of rapture sing
The advent of the gladsome morning,

Thou could'st not brook thy destiny,
From home and lov'd ones doomed to sever,
And choosing death to slavery,
Thou'rt free, sweet bird, aye, free for ever.

So oft the mind, when shackled long
By dark despair, or hopeless sadness,
For freedom seeks with efforts strong,
And finds it (reason's death) in madness !

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“ A CLOUD OVERSHADOWED THEM.”

MARK IX. 7.

AH who can imagine the sight,
 When light sprang in beauty to birth,
 And the deep's startled billows rolled back with
 affright,
 As it burst on the realms of confusion and night,
 And illumined the unshape earth,
 Of its brilliance at once passing swiftly away,
 And black midnight resuming the empire of day.

Yet a light more transcendant had beamed
 On the three who were blest to behold
 The bright rays of ineffable glory that streamed,
 From the God-man unveiled, when mount Tabor's
 height seemed
 As o'erlaid with a pavement of gold ;
 And a cloud in its dimness o'ershadowed them there,
 And their glad hearts soon made the dark lodgments
 of care.

And thus oft with the Christian 'tis found,
 When sweet peace has been shed from on high,
 And all nature looked lovely and gladsome around,
 While the heaven seemed with songs of sweet
 rapture t' resound
 Then a cloud has succeeded his joy,
 As though some passing demon his path-way had
 cross'd,
 And his soul in the gloom of his shadow was lost.

OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

REV. VI. 12—17.

'Twas past; the course of death was o'er,
 And Hades howled for prey no more,
 When opened was the sixth portentous seal,
 And judgments of more dreadful form
 Appear'd 'midst desolation's storm,
 Beneath whose weight the earth began to reel.

The sun had quench'd his flaming light
 In floods of deep primeval night;
 The moon had wash'd her tearful face in gore;
 And from the shaking firmament,
 The stars their headlong course down bent,
 Like blasted figs when angry tempests roar.

Where's mercy now, that wont to bear
 Sweet tidings to the earth, ah where?
 No more tow'rd's man the olive branch she holds,
 In her glad passage from on high
 Caught by the swift departing sky,
 That wrapt her up within its giant folds.

Hark what a universal wail
 Is borne upon the swelling gale!
 The rich, the proud, the mighty, and the great,
 And high, and low, and bond, and free,
 One common dreadful destiny,
 Pierced by the shafts of fearful anguish, wait.

“ Fall on us,” they exclaim, “ ye rocks
 Rending ’midst nature’s dreadful shocks;
 And hide us from the lamb at God’s right hand;
 For vengeance, vengeance now strikes home,
 The great day of his wrath is come;
 And who before his blazing form shall stand? ”

Canticle.

JESUS TO ZION.

“ CAN A MOTHER FORSAKE HER SUCKING CHILD, &c.”
 ISAIAH XLIX. 15—16.

HAST thou upon a mother’s breast
 Beheld a sucking child?
 And seen her nurstle it to rest,
 And smile as it has smiled?
 The light that gilds her glowing eye,
 Love’s fairest, brightest token,
 Bespeaks so near, so dear a tie,
 As scarcely can be broken.

And think’st thou, Zion, my beloved,
 Thou timid child of fear,
 That mother’s heart can be remov’d
 From one she loves so dear?
 Ah yes! ’tis true, she may forsake,
 All nature’s bonds may sever,
 But mine’s a bond I will not break,
 Oh! I’ll forget thee—never.

Then fear not my betrothed one,
 The price is paid for thee,
 The battle's fought, the work is done,
 And thou art wholly free ;
 Though ever doubting, thou shalt share
 Thy bridegroom's coming glory !
 Thy name upon my palms I bear,
 Thy walls are aye before me.

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence big with woe,
 The latest stage of settled grief,
 When scalding tears have ceased to flow,
 To the sad bleeding heart's relief.
'Tis passion's slumber—but so full
 Of hideous dreams, she sleeps in vain,
 Her heart is still insatiable,
 And unrelaxing is her pain ;
 While like an asp, the worm of care,
 Sucks the rich stream of life away ;
 Till smiles the demon of despair,
 Exulting o'er his prey.

There is a silence big with joy,
 The full heart's throbbing eloquence,
 When love upraised to extacy,
 Defies the power of utterance.
'Tis passion's trance—the soft eye's ray,
 Half shrouded in the lid, reveals

What thrilling rapture bears the sway,
 And gently o'er the bosom steals ;
 And as it meets a glance in turn,
 As soft, as sweet, as fondly given,
 Such fires of wild delirium burn,
 It seems as earth were heaven.

There is a silence of the heart,
 Where humble resignation dwells,
 Though care thrusts in his poison'd dart,
 And like the sea affliction swells.
'Tis passion's calm—no rising wind
 Can ruffle, and no storm o'ersway
 The equilibrium of the mind,
 Which e'er to heaven's decrees gives way ;
 For power divine enchains self-will,
 When He, who by his mighty nod
 Stays nature's shocks, exclaims, " Be still,
 And know that I am God ! "

There is a silence of the night,
 When nature's murmur sounds no more ;
 When darkness steals the realms of light,
 And spreads his wings the welkin o'er.
'Tis passion's rest—o'erweening thought
 Gains some relief, the fever'd brain,
 The throbbing heart with anguish fraught,
 A little respite find from pain.
 Hush'd is the city's busy hum ;
 A silent hour the village knows ;
 And the wood's choristers are dumb,
 Inviting to repose.

But there's a silence deeper still
 Than these, the silence of the grave,
 When the fond bosom's every thrill
 Finds rest beneath oblivion's wave
 'Tis *passion's end*—the mourner's sob
 And languor's sigh are heard no more ;
 The flutter of delight, the throb
 Of love, of hope, and fear are o'er ;
 Nor aught that silence e'er shall break,
 'Till the last trumpet's fearful voice
 The tenants of the earth shall wake,
 To tremble or rejoice.

Sonnet.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT star of even, thy delightful ray
 Is lovely to my sight ; I love thy hour,
 I love the dusky twilight's silken grey,
 And own the strength of its enchanting power ;
 For peace to me seems whispering in each breeze
 That bears thy influence, as the worn out day
 Sinks on his cradle bed ; and brooks and trees
 And waving corn-fields their soft music play,
 To lull it to repose ; peace seems to dwell
 On every tongue ; the grassy mountain high,
 The dark'ning valley, and the rocky dell
 All speak the self same note ; while bright the sky,
 Enlivened by thy beams, looks so serene,
 The ravish'd soul might think strife ne'er had been.

A HEBREW'S DESPAIR SONG.

DURING THE DESOLATION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS VESPASIAN.

OH God, thou hast forsaken us,
 In this our hour of greatest need;
 In vain we trust thy power, who thus
 Hast given thy chosen ones to bleed.
 Thou heed'st us not; thy dreadful ire
 Burns like a fierce volcano's fire.

The forces of the Gentile king
 Pollute the courts we built for thee;
 And round thy sacred temple ring
 Their shouts of wild hilarity.
 And canst thou rest, oh Lord of all!
 And see *that* pride of nations fall.

Say, wilt thou not defend thy name?
 Shall Zion's foes her weakness tell?
 And shall the heathen still exclaim,
 "There is no God in Israel!"
 Awake! and let thy blasting breath
 Remind us of the Assyrians' death.

The word thou bad'st our fathers trust,
 The word we trust despairing now,
 Declares that we shall rise from dust,
 And thou shalt reign on Zion's brow.
 But where is Judah's Lion gone?
 Now fire surrounds his boasted throne.

Will he not hear? and will he not
 Answer? the loud shouts of the foe
 Deride him, while they seek to blot
 His name from earth. Above, below,
 Confusion through *his* city rings,
 Yet silent is the King of kings.

Silent? ah no! the big clouds rend,
 Messiah calls to victory!
 Soon, soon our haughty foes shall bend,
 And Cæsar bow his stubborn knee.
 He comes! he comes! and Olivet
 Shall cleave beneath his footsteps yet.

“He comes!” thou fool—where is he?—where?
 Let fire, and sword, and pestilence,
 And meteors flitting through the air
 In dreadful forms, declare it;—hence
 Ye idle dreams of help from heaven
 Jehovah to our foes hath given.

Then down with thee Jerusalem,
 Thy glory is departed; down
 Palace, and fane, and diadem;
 Lost is thy sceptre and thy crown;
 Thy legislator too is gone,
 Yet Shiloh dwells not on his throne.

Come fell confusion, fire, and sword,
 Come every woe his wrath can send;
 And let the city of the Lord
 Swift onward to destruction wend;
 For thee, my harp, thy work is o’er,
 I’ll sing of Judah’s God no more.

LOVE.

I did not intend making any farther selection from "The Deity," considering "The Incarnation" as a sufficient specimen, but have been induced at the request of several talented individuals to leave out some smaller pieces on which I had fixed my choice, and extract the following from the second book. The pending argument is "the being of a God asserted by the wisdom displayed in the ordination of conjugal, filial, and parental love."

Oh Love! thou signet of th' Eternal One,
 Stamp'd on his choicest works, and most on those
 Who nearest to his glorions image rise
 In moral excellence! Oh Love! thou power
 That fasten'st every link in the great chain
 Of being! cement of the universe,
 That hold'st together its component parts,
 And keep'st the mighty fabric from decay!
 Oh Love! thou source of every tender tie
 That binds us to existence! honied drop
 In this world's cup of gall! progenitor
 Of social order and domestic peace!
 Sun of the hemisphere of joy! pole star
 By which we guide our vessels o'er life's sea!
 Fire of the wintry hearth! soft violet
 That shed'st thy fragrance on the wilderness!
 Oh Love! delightful, fond, enchanting Love!
 Whose dreams of rapture never fail to please,
 Who without thee that thoughtfully can gaze
 Around, would taste of matrimony's cares!
 Who blest with thee but thinks its bitters sweet!
 Who without thee could know a parent's name,

And think the offspring other than a curse !
 Who blest with thee would wish to lose one " gem "
 That brightly sparkles in thy " coronet !"
 Thou still'st the roar of anarchy ; thou stay'st
 The march of crime ; thou break'st rebellion's sword ;
 Thou stopp'st ambition in his hot career,
 As ruthless on he goes ; thou snapp'st the wheel
 Of persecution ; thou giv'st liberty
 To the poor captive ; and with outstretch'd hand
 Dost own a brother in each human form ;
 But here thou keep'st the choicest of thy stores,
 Here thou display'st the fulness of thy power,
 Here bring'st forth fruit while flowering every where.

And is not wisdom fully shewn in thee ?
 And is not goodness too in thee displayed ?
 Oh yes ; the fairest traits of God are here.
 Yes, God it was ordained, that youthful hearts,
 True as the faithful magnet to its pole,
 Should to each other turn ; and youthful eyes
 Should be as chrystal fountains, whence to drink
 Rich draughts of bliss ; and though degen'rate man
 Oft buries it in sensuality,
 True Love is pure, true Love is holy still ;
 And like the diamond cleansed from all its filth,
 Which could not strike within, sheds lustre round.
 God, God it was ordained, the father's heart
 Should in return for all his lengthful train
 Of toils and cares, with sweetest rapture glow,
 To see another image of the form
 So loved, her portrait drawn in miniature,
 And that so blended with his own, that scarce
 A feature can be traced of one without
 Commingling with the other, that his eye

Should gaze delighted on its playful pranks ;
 His ear delighted listen to its chat,
 When half former words are utter'd ; that with fond
 And noble pride, when strengthened reason sends
 Enquiry forth, he should attend to all
 Its curious questions, sometimes quaintly put,
 And ever patient joyfully attempt
 To satisfy the cravings of young thought,
 And lead the infantile philosopher
 On from effect to secondary cause,
 And upward still to their primeval spring.
 And God it was ordained the mother's mind
 Should find a recompence for all her pains,
 Though they indeed are num'rous and acute,
 And that e'en in the bliss of being one ;
 'That the dear burden she has borne so long
 Should touch the very vital strings of love,
 Such strings as never had been touched before,
 And wake its softest notes of melody ;
 That to sustain its wasting strength, while yet
 Its organs are but as in flower, distilled
 For its support alone, ambrosial floods
 Should from her heaving bosom flow, grateful
 To the recipient, while it imparts,
 As does an act of true benevolence
 Unto the yearning heart of charity,
 Relief unto the giver ; that for all
 Her nursling cares, her watches long and lone,
 Her kind attention to its every look,
 And all its half intelligible cries,
 She should conceive herself enough repaid
 By those quick bursts of joy, those glances bright,
 Those gentle gleams of the half risen sun

Upon the small horizon of its brow,
 Those smiles that seem reflections of her own,
 So fond, so tender, which she sometimes meets,
 When, waking from its rosy, peaceful sleep,
 It upward fondly turns its feeble eyes,
 Like planets tow'rd their suns, to catch the light
 Which flows from hers; that oft as to her heart
 She hugs it close, it should awake such thrills,
 So overpowering, that her fond eyes close,
 As dazzled with much splendour, and she feels
 As all her soul were melting into love;
 That as its fast increasing strength fatigues
 Her body more, her mind should weariless
 Find new attractions—mark the shooting eye
 That wanders after every thing it views—
 Teach the young lips to lisp her name, and bless
 The sound she taught, as though it were a word
 Fresh found in her vocabulary, one
 She ne'er had heard before; that with a love
 Which only could sufficient patience give,
 She should first teach the infant feet to move,
 And joy to watch her pupil's quick advance,
 And joy still more to see its confidence
 In her, its outstretch'd hands and eyes of faith,
 Directed to her as its object still;
 And that when these maternal cares are past,
 And its fond prattle on the gale of time
 Dies, softly dies away, their memory
 Should last through life, her offspring still endear,
 And keep a mother's feelings ever warm,—
 While kind attentions, and return of love,
 To parents shewn through their remaining days,
 Enliven all the solitudes of age.

These are the spells which bind us to the earth;
The scented roses of our thorny brake;
The glowing smiles that burst through all our tears,
Like gleams of sunshine through an April sky;
And but for these, oh who would undertake
To give existence to the infant man,
Watch over him through all life's devious ways,
And feed him for the great devourer's maw?

THE END.

